

Literary Supplement

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Concerning Affairs

A. B. Latham

THE time is now ripe for a serious appeal to the educated public on behalf of the business world. The one great need for business is a means of educating young people whose vocation is to be commerce. The demands of the world of affairs have been hearkened to in all respects except in that of education; governmental legislation for the advancement of commercial interests has balked at nothing except the establishment of suitable institutions and devices for the preparation of people about to engage in the industry of commerce. The purpose of this article is a meagre presentation of the need of commerce in this respect, as it is generally represented by enlightened merchants aware of their own interests and those of their class.

For ages of unspeakable obscurantism the general impression among those whose charge was the education of the young had been that the material most desirable to be impressed upon the tabulae rasaæ of the virgin minds in their keeping should be of a broad, universal character. Such is even the almost unanimous opinion to-day. Hopeful signs of our escape from this theory are the methods of educating doctors, lawyers, engineers, and professors. We now know that the substitute for the old hypothesis which has at last lost its tenability among the informed is a living, militant belief in the efficacy of specialization.

Engineers are expected to know about bridge-building, electric-wiring, installation of machinery, mining, and mixing chemicals according as their particular form of specialization is civil engineering, electrical engineering, or chemical engineering respectively. Nobody is so foolish as to expect an engineer to quote Ovid or to talk intelligently about transcendental philosophy. Doctors and surgeons are no longer expected to know their classics and to be on speaking terms with the literature of their native tongue; they are only required to be good bone-setters or successful anaesthetizers. University professors are nowadays, wherever the lamp of civilization burns brightly, under no necessity of knowing anything outside of the early Sanscrit drama, mediaeval Nilotic culture, or some other clear-cut division of academic learning depending on the way in which each professor has developed his or her specialized functions. And so everywhere we find that pretences at knowledge, ability, or connoisseurship outside of one's field is not only discouraged but often quite prohibited—with the one glaring exception; business men are still obliged to affect an all-round patronage of art, literature, and national culture. This sort of thing is still expected of them, and so their attention which would normally be turned to the care of commercial matters—the technical minutiae of the exchange of commodities and wealth—is diverted to a cultivation of affairs entirely foreign to the true bent of their natures.

How may the frightful condition of the breadth of interest among business

(Continued on page Three)

In the Street Car

J. G. B.

STREET cars offer wonderful opportunities for the study of human nature. There one can catch glimpses of a person's character which would pass unnoticed elsewhere. Most passengers are so absorbed in themselves or their papers that they unconsciously betray indications of their interests or struggles in life.

See that quiet unobtrusive man in the corner-seat. There is little to distinguish him from a dozen others who surround him. A neat gray hat, an overcoat of the same colour, a well-brushed but shabby blue suit and clean shoes add little information to the tale of simplicity evident in his clear-cut face. The eyes are difficult to see, but his profile is pleasing, without showing great strength. Rather a commonplace man, seemingly a clerk of some kind, as the forefinger of his right hand has a well-inked tip.

Some Educational Matters

Col. Wilfrid Bovey

IT is often interesting and generally instructive to acquaint ourselves with the problems of others and with the manner in which they are being approached, for while these problems are not necessarily identical with our own and while the same reasoning may not be applicable to them, we cannot help getting a certain amount of assistance in dealing with the questions confronting ourselves.

In the United States there are now going on three very distinct educational controversies, the first concerning the place of the Faculty in University control, the second involving the question as to whether we should aim at imposing standards, whether religious, political or of any other kind on the undergraduate, the third centering round the actual technical methods of education.

of Learning, consisting of the Governors only, is one of these Corporations; it owns our buildings and endowments and is responsible for our financial well-being; McGill University, a purely educational body consisting not only of the Principal and Governors but also of a large number of the staff and some other appointees, the whole when meeting being known as Corporation, regulates educational policies, the relation of the University to the undergraduate and all similar questions. When therefore, the committee appointed by the American Association of University Professors recommends that the Head of a University should be its educational leader, and that the Faculty should be the legislative body in all matters concerning the educational policy of a University, they are really proposing to adopt, as a reform, a system which is already in existence here. When they propose consultation regarding appointments, they suggest a process which we should think almost a matter of course.

In the United States, however, the position of the Faculty is causing a great deal of discussion, and the issue is confused by the fact that both of the groups involved are also in the other controversies going on at the same time. Professor Snell of Macdonald College has described one issue in the following words:

"At the one extreme we have the purely internal organization of Oxford and Cambridge, with Executive Councils chosen by members of the university, and Financial Boards subordinate to these; at the other extreme we have the type, too common in America, of a body of trustees appointed either by co-option or by some external authority, and entrusted with plenary powers in the control of property, appointments and promotions, and even of educational policy. In the latter class of institution, the control of educational policy is usually delegated to the Faculties. This is done in some cases by constitutional or statutory provision, more commonly merely by grace, and because the trustees realize that they are not as competent as the Faculties to deal with such matters. Moreover, there is no clear, inclusive definition of the term "educational policy" and, except where the Faculty is legally protected in this right, arbitrary interference by the trustees may often occur."

Mr. J. McKeen Catteil from a series of opinions obtained from the leaders of academic thought in the United States found that only fifteen per cent. were satisfied with the present system, twenty-three per cent. looked for a rather greater share of control to be exercised by the Faculty, while sixty-two per cent. were in favour of the Faculty being still more important in University government.

The nature of the second controversy in the United States, namely that regarding standards, was described in a very lucid manner by one of the members of the Dartmouth staff who visited McGill last year. There appeared to be, he said, two completely different schools of educational thought, of which the first would perhaps appear to us reactionary, since, according to its tenets, learning must be meted out by measured doses of specified mental food, and standardised principles of living. The second school represents a def-

The Wanderer

HE has said farewell to easeful quiet now,
Peace and content and sleep are his no more,
Like exile longing for his native shore
Glimpsed far away beyond his vessel's prow
So does he yearn for one pale gleaming brow
And haven of deep breasts; but, oh, before
That port is made, how desolate and frowr
And many are the waves his barque must plough!

Great year long rollers of uneasy time
Must surge and thunder on a distant strand
For long and long before his heart's desire
Shall wave him safe ashore and watch him land
Among sweet fields of grasses and wild thyme,
And run to him with limbs and lips of fire.

—A. J. M. S.

Just as we are about to turn to someone more interesting, he puts away his newspaper, and carefully unwraps a long, round parcel, uncovering what appears to be a trade journal. As he gazes at the cover, with a little smile lighting up his face, he reminds us of a small boy feasting his eyes on a juicy apple before beginning to eat. There: the little man has turned to the first page. He cannot be reading a catalogue, he seems so absorbed. Watching him, we notice an air of quiet pleasure, although his position and features appear unchanged. He holds his book in his left hand, his right attracting attention, for each finger moves as though striking the notes on a piano, while the whole hand moves up and down the imaginary key board. Perhaps we can press closer. With his foot the little gray man is beating time, his lips pursed in a soundless whistle. Here is the first man we have seen who, heedless of his neighbours, can honestly enjoy

The President of Dartmouth College, an institution which we are coming to know very well, recently appointed two committees, one from the staff and one from the undergraduates "to study and inquire into educational policies and tendencies of colleges in general and Dartmouth in particular, with a view to reporting whether or not, changes in the present system were desirable, and if so what these should be." It was not very surprising that these two committees viewed the problem from quite different angles.

The American Association of University Professors has for some years been studying the relation of the Faculty to University control, both as regards educational policy and the appointment and dismissal of teachers.

This question is for us at McGill principally one of academic interest. In this University we have two Corporations existing side by side: the Royal Institution for the Advancement

(Continued on Page Four).

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February 18, 1925

Salute to Elia

TO DAY is the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Charles Lamb, and as such will be regarded as something in the nature of a holy day or a minor saint's day by many who have loved the man as much as his works.

There is no author who so clearly shows himself in his writings as does Charles Lamb, and none more worthy of our knowing. The "Essays of Elia" almost as much as the personal letters reveal a whimsical and beloved personality; and here, if anywhere, our best loved author can become our best loved man.

Charles Lamb boasted that he never got drunk twice in the same house; and it is said of him that he came late to work, but left correspondingly early. He devoted a lifetime to the care of his sister Mary after a tragedy of insanity and murder, Elizabethan in its horror, and he wrote down his whims and fancies and little hates and loves as an eternal gift to posterity.

Shade of Elia, on this thy day we salute thee here!

Let us Pray

THE suggestion of a recent correspondent that we should pray for the success of our teams, though sounding absurd in godless modern ears, is one that would have appealed to a more faithful age. "Tis not a ridiculous devotion to say a prayer before a game at Tables", says Sir Thomas Browne in the First Part of the *Religio Medici*, and what may appear a mystery to us, *viz.* How the Deity may be expected to trouble Himself about a hockey game between two insignificant educational institutions on a minor planet in a fourth rate solar system is one which would have had no terrors for the devout physician of Norwich, who tells us in a well-known passage, that "As for those wingy Mysteries in Divinity, and airy subtleties in Religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *Pia Mater* of mine. Methinks there be no impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith. . . . I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my Reason to an *O altitudo!*"

And an explanation of our seeming ill-fortune in athletics which should appeal to our correspondent is to be found in the quaint pages of the same work where the religious medico, "mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant about notional and conjectural essences, in whose categories of Being the possible took the upper hand of the actual", has indited the following words to encourage those whose star is for a time in decline.

"All cannot be happy at once; for, because the glory of one State depends upon the ruine of another, there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatness, and must obey the swing of that wheel, not moved by Intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all estates arise to their Zenith and Vertical points according to their predestinated periods. For the lives, not only of men, but of Commonwealths, and the whole World, run not upon an *Helix* that still enlargeth, but on a circle, where, arriving to their Meridian, they decline in obscurity, and fall under the Horizon again."

It will be hardly necessary to point out that what is here applied to States, Men, Commonwealths and the whole World must be equally true of universities and their athletic rivalries, nor do more than indicate the comforting corollary that the darker and more deep our present declension, the sooner will come the hour of our ascension up the other arc to the Meridian of success.

A Spanish Ancestor Of the English Novel

Gwendolin E. Read

The Pleasant Historie of Lazarillo De Thormes Drawen out of Spanish by David Rowland of Anglesey, Oxford, Basil Blackwell, The Percy Reprints, edited by H. B. Brett, Smith.

ROBINSOE Crusoe" which has been the delight of children and grown-ups through the centuries and is the first permanently valued contribution in English fiction, dealing with material outside of religious experiences, owes its origin to the picaresque novel of Spain, which was born in "La Vida de Lazarillo de Thormes." A picaresque novel is the comic biography, or more often the autobiography of a real or fictitious personage, who describes his experiences, as a social parasite, and who satirizes the society which he has exploited. This type of story persisted in the Middle Ages in *Lucian*, *Roman de Renart*, in the fabliaux. It was later incarnated in real life, by such writers as *Villon*, but its final form is really a Spanish invention, and the earliest known specimen is the anonymous tale of "Lazarillo" which, although the circumstances about its publication are obscure must certainly have been issued not later than 1554. This book won immediate popularity and was thrice reprinted before 1559. Imitations of such a successful innovation were inevitable and in 1555 there appeared at Antwerp "La Segunda Parte de Lazarillo de Thormes" but this was not so cordially received as its predecessor. Other stories admitting a semblance of Lazarillo are "Primera parte de Guzman de Alfarache" "La Picara Justina" while in 1626 appeared "Vida del buscon Don Pablos" the cleverest and most revolting book of this class.

Not only in Spain, however, was developed this popular type of story. "Lazarillo de Thormes" was soon translated into many languages and gained much popularity in Europe and England. In France, an example is *Le Sage's Gil Blas* while in England the credit of being the first to write a picaresque novel belongs to Th. Nash who in 1594 published "The Life of Jack Wilton" or "The Unfortunate Traveller". However it is not until the time of Defoe that the English picaresque novel acquires any real importance. The most outstanding book of this genre is "Robinson Crusoe" although others by this same author are worthy of mention, such as "The Adventures of Captain Singleton", "Colonel Jack", and "Moll Flanders" which was perhaps suggested by "Picara Justina." Henceforth from the time of Defoe the picaresque novel is naturalized in English Literature, and is exemplified in the works of many other writers, such as Fielding's "Jonathan Wild" and "Count Fathom" and "Ferdinand" by Smollett.

A new edition of this amazing little book, "The Pleasant Historie of Lazarillo de Tormes" which has had such an important effect on the Literature of Europe and England, has recently appeared edited with introduction and notes, but the text is reprinted from a manuscript of the British Museum copy of the earliest surviving edition, the octavo printed by Abell Jeffes in 1586. Possibly there were earlier editions in England as the Stationers Register for 1568-9 records the licence "for pryntinge of a boke entituled the maruelous Dedes and the lyf of Lozaro de Thormes to Thomas Colwell for VIIIid." However, this, if printed, has vanished with the passing years, and although during the following centuries the book has been reprinted many times, modern readers find the earliest translation by Rowland the most satisfactory. In the new edition the spelling and punctuation of the original text are reproduced although a few necessary corrections have been made. Due to injury of the title of the copy in the British museum, the title page and verse are reproduced in facsimile from the copy in the Bodleian, and thus we are given an improved edition of this interesting book, still possessing all the allurements of the original text.

And now let us turn to the content, and the actual story, to discover what it is which renders this tale of an ill-treated Spanish lad a master-piece in Literature. This "Historie" is the autobiography of Lazarillo, who as his father was dead, and his mother in poor circumstances had to forge for himself in the world, and leaving his native home, he became the servant of a blind man, who is described by Lazarillo in the following terms "and to show his nature, I assure you that sith the beginning of the worlde God never made man more deceitful and craftie". In the companionship of such a man naturally the youth had to submit to many unpleasant experiences, but his ingenuity was brought into full play and he proved himself an equal match for his crafty master. Throughout the story there are many passages of humour and satire, splendidly written, and one excellent episode is well recorded in the means Lazarillo followed in ridding himself from the tyrant, whom he determined to forsake, due to the cruel usage he had undergone from the hands of this blind rogue. The incident occurred when they were walking home to their lodging, on a rainy day, and in the pretence of jumping across a gutter Lazarillo obtained his revenge as he describes in the following "I leaped as far as I could and tooke standing behinde the poste, as one that had watched the reencounter of a Bull, and then I said, now uncle leape boldly as far as you can possibly, for else you may chaunce wet your selfe. I had not so soone said the word, but that incontinently the poore blinde man was ready to take his race, returning a pace or two backe from the standing, and so with great force tooke his leape, throwing for warde his body like a bucke, that at the last his head tooke such a monstrous blow against the cruell stonie piller, that his head sounded withall as it had bene a leather bottell, whereupon he fell back with his cloven pate, halfe dead; then gave I a leape and saide, how now uncle, could you smell the sausadge so well, and why not the piller I play you? prove nowe a little what you can doe. So I lefte him there between the handes of many men that came in all hast to helpe him, and tooke my ready waye straight towards the towne gate with no slow pace, and then trotted so fast forward, that before night I arrived to Tortois." It is interesting to note that Shakespeare must have read this, for in "Much Ado about Nothing" (act II sc. I) he makes an allusion to this incident "Now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you will beat the post." Throughout the book we find many other vividly described narratives, for the troubles of Lazarillo were not at an end, and after deserting his blind master, he placed himself with a priest in whose service all his cleverness and contrivance were centred on one main object: that of obtaining food. In striving towards this aim, he met (Continued on Page Four).

Clever Satire on Minor Babbits Seen in The Potters

I WONDER how long the average everyday hundred percent American citizen will be able to howl with mirth at plays like *The Potters* before waking up to the fact that he is being held up to the most merciless ridicule and the bitterest satire. The crudeness, the vulgarity, the pitiful struggle to keep up appearances, the complete submission to bunk and bunkdom, the hollowness of Americanism and the gospel of Success—these are the aspects of American middle class life which are treated in J. P. McEvoy's comedy of family life. The play is a masterly one. The dialogue is witty in its real life fatuousness; the characters are well drawn in clear cut outline, and sometimes, as in the case of Pa Potter,

Concerning Affairs

(Continued from Page One.)

men and the consequent neglect of business be rectified? As with almost all problems, the answer is education. Catch the fledglings, train them in one definite direction until they are eight years old, and then let them loose to perform their prescribed duties in life, and no amount of corrupting seeds will cause them to deviate from the path of commercial rectitude.

Now in present-day life it is not unusual to find merchants and traders, who are woefully incompetent in their respective trades, but who nevertheless find the time to engage in athletics, politics, and literature. Athletics is a human pursuit which should be entirely in the control of professional bodies, no person should be allowed to participate in this occupation unless he is willing to give his whole working day to it, and by all means proponents of that most neglected thing, business, must be kept out of athletics. Again, commercial people should be kept out of politics. Here we are presuming that politicians are a capable people quite competent to regulate the well-being of their country and themselves. Of what possible significance could the participation of business men, in the form of voting at elections, have on political events. Even as it is, the "kaufleute" are no more than mere dilettanti in politics. In fact their taking part in politics and their show of interest in governmental matters may be of actual harm, for how may such people have a proper appreciation of even their own interests?

Reverting now to the problems of a well-balanced business education for what our newspapers so aptly term "embryo commercials," let me say at once that such an education ought to be anything but "well-balanced" in the should, in my opinion, be no literature, no music, no art, and no languages (with the exception of perhaps a certain amount of business correspondence in English, French, and Spanish).

The teaching of economics, in which all commercial students might well be introduced at a very tender age, should be confined to accountancy, banking, and trade statistics. Arithmetic could not well exceed computations requisite for accountancy, ledger-keeping, and actuarial science. What I have to say with regard to other subjects may be readily surmised, since the principle I have religiously adhered to is the advocacy of a pure business education for the new utopian society of pure business men, among whom, as was intimated above, there will be a sprinkling of pure specialists in palaeontology, embryology, the history of Florentine art, etc.

—BORGIA

carefully shaded with a wealth of little detail; the Shakespearean method of many short scenes throwing the unities to the winds has been utilized to a good purpose; and finally the construction of the play is as perfect as if it had come out of the workshops at Harvard, while the whole thing has a vigor and life that is not of the workshop.

The author holds up a mirror, and about two thirds of his audience see themselves as the suburban family of the Potters. The Potters live in Suburbia, and breakfast, at which pleasant repast we first meet them, is one long scramble to make the eight o'clock car. We see the Potters squabbling and bickering through a messy meal of bacon and eggs, we see Ma Potter doing her daily dozen to the direction of the Victrola, and hear a bedtime story over the radio, we accompany the credulous Mamie to the den of a frowsy Medium—we ride down to work with Mr. Potter in the street car where he discusses politics—"I guess this place is too full now"—as he lurches against an indignant fellow strap-hanger—"what old Uncle Sam oughta do is restrict immigration, we got too many dagos and foreigners here now, though of course, you know, I realize we must have some for labour"). Mr. Potter is inveigled into buying some oil shares, any suspicion he may have at first harboured being allayed when he is shown a Government map of the oil field. The oil fields are backed by the U. S. Government, therefore, and hence the investment must be perfectly safe.

It is not necessary to indicate the plot. We are shown a sleeping car by night, where Mr. Potter, on his way to look over his investment amuses himself by peaking through the curtain at the sleeping occupant of the berth below him; we visit the oil well where the men who have been digging oil all their lives and had known a man once who once heard of a fellow who struck it are praying for a glimpse of one of the suckers who put up the money. Pa Potter goes home—a failure. He faces that bitter word, the bitterness of which is unknown to anyone who has not all his life worshipped the go-getter, the hustler, the hundred percenter.

Mr. Potter here is superb, and there was no one in the house on Monday night, I think, who did not feel the drama and the tragic intensity of the scene where Mr. Potter's lifetime house of dreams came crashing about his head. He sees through all the bunk and cant on which he has been nourished ever since he was given an advertised baby food. "Be good and work hard—and you'll be happy" he cries. "Lies. lies, bunk!"

Of course it all turns out right in the end. Mr. Potter's well strikes oil, but the suspense is maintained to the very

"Let it be Forgotten"

LET it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,
Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold.
Let it be forgotten for ever and ever—
Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.
If anyone asks, say it was forgotten
Long and long ago—
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall
In a long forgotten snow.

—Sara Teasdale.

French Actors in Joyous Farce At the Orpheum

THE French Players at the Orpheum continue to delight small but enthusiastic audiences. This week's offering, "La Huitième Femme de Barbe-Bleue," is a delightful farce, which shows to advantage the histrionic ability of M. Charlie Gerval. As Brown, the American millionaire (whose grandfather used to own a bar in Chicago) he is most convincing.

Brown, who has already married and subsequently divorced seven wives, resolves to venture into matrimony for the eighth time with Monna, daughter of an impecunious old nobleman, as his bride. The marriage is not a success and the young wife decides upon a divorce. The worthy Chicagoan, although he, too, is dissatisfied, cannot understand that any woman should leave him voluntarily. He resolves to frustrate any attempts she may make to sever their union.

As a last resort Monna compromises herself with Hubert, a young man in her husband's employment. The outraged husband discovers them; divorce seems inevitable. But the audience must go home in a happy mood, so by a skilful manoeuvring of motives the pair are left in each others arms.

Mme. Dherblay has played consistently well throughout her engagement in Montreal, and this week she gives M. Gerval excellent support. M. Gaston de St. Jean as Hubert is also good. M. Gerval gives a very realistic representation of the American in Paris, and even the accent is not neglected. One would hardly recognize the laughing young lover of last week as this square-jawed Americain.

"La Huitième Femme de Barbe-Bleue" has less of the usual sex theme, and yet it frankly portrays exactly what we are expected to see. We moral Britons, of course, prefer those suggestive devices by which the majority invariably imagines more than they are intended to.

—D. C. A.

moment of the fall of the curtain as he very nearly sells them before he hears the news.

The staging and acting is superb, and the performance of Donald Meek as Pa Potter is one of the finest bits of character acting that we have seen for a long time. He is the American "paterfamilias" to the life—hardly a flattering picture, but a real one. The rest of the cast is excellent.

McEvoy will probably be criticised for having done so much, and yet having done no more. Why add a happy end and make a comedy out of what might have been one of the most poignant tragedies of Babbits? The happy end, however, and the lightest comedy are merely the sugar coating of the pill.

"The Potters" is far and away the best comedy that has come here this year, and makes those excellent examples of the same species—"The First Year" and "The Goose Hangs High"—seem like child's play. How the Babbits, the go-getters, the Kiwanians, the Rotarians, the Elks, and the plain darn fools can survive the flood of satire turned upon them in books like "Babbit" and "Bunk" and plays like "The Potters" is a mystery to me. But I suppose they read nothing but the "American Magazine" and "Success."

A Venture in Opinion

The Canadian Student, published monthly by the Student Christian Movement of Canada.

A Review

ONE of the most interesting and stimulating university reviews which finds its way to our exchanges is The Canadian Student, the monthly organ of the Student Christian Movement of Canada, published by an editorial board in Toronto and numbering among its contributors students from nearly all the universities of Canada.

From a perusal of its pages one gets the impression that the typical Canadian student is a serious and religious person, deeply troubled to find a workable application of religion to modern life, deplored the disuse of the observation of prayer, "thinking straight about Jesus" and wondering "why study groups fail."

Needless to say this is an altogether erroneous view of the Canadian undergraduate. He is not by any means such a serious thinker, he is not, indeed, very much interested in religion, and though he generally belongs to a church he regards the intrusion of religion into practical affairs either as bad form or the worst futility. He thinks more about athletics than the state of the world, and cares more for his body than his soul.

Nevertheless there is a large minority who care for beauty and who love justice and truth, who are interested in the League of Nations, in the prevention of war and the establishment of a finer and nobler social order—but who are temperamentally incapable of being moved by religious emotion, to whom prayer is an impossibility and the sound of a hymn anathema. Though this group is a minority among Canadian students we believe it to be a much more numerous group than that of which The Canadian student is the organ.

There is much, however, in The Canadian student that will appeal to these, and, in the January number which we have before us, have read with interest the book reviews and a poignant account of our own J. G. Mackay whose death on August 7th 1923 robbed McGill of one of her noblest helpers. But we cannot help thinking that if The Canadian Student is to become the great force for good that its supporters desire it should strive for its inspiration in the beauty of art, literature and music rather than in the church and study group, and find the leverage for the new world in science and economics.

—A. J. M. S.

After Death

NOW while my lips are living Their words must stay unsaid.
And will my soul remember To speak when I am dead?

Yet if my soul remembered You would not heed it, dear,
For now you must not listen,
And then you could not hear.
—Sara Teasdale.

A.J.M.S.

In the Street Car

(Continued from Page One).

the melodies of classical music, heard only in his head, during a ride in a crowded street car.

The night is rainy and soon an old lady, carrying a dripping umbrella, enters the car. Wearily she looks up, wondering whether she will be offered a seat. It happens that the car is largely occupied by women, and only one man is not on his feet. The old lady comes to where she sits, then, turning her back, looks at the glistening streets outside. Too proud by far to ask for his seat, she still wants to be handy if he should chance to offer it. By her neat black coat and drab little hat, it is obvious that she is not of the richest, but her cheery old face convinces us that life still holds many attractions for her. She is tired, and burdened with armfuls of parcels. She hangs on to the swaying strap, however, and lets her bright old eyes wander in search of interest.

The man, the engrossed musician, glances up as he turns a page, and sees the straight little back in front of him. Quickly he looks at his neighbours, then at his music, which he regretfully rolls and puts into a pocket. He jumps up, touches the stiff shoulder nearest him, and waves the grateful old woman to his seat. Just as she takes it, a large bag slips from her arms, and several carrots and sweet potatoes roll among the feet of the passengers. She laughs merrily and naturally, while the musician, flushed and embarrassed, retrieves the vegetables, bows, and hurries to the rear of the car. The little old lady tucks her bundles more snugly around her, and continues to smile.

Soon we reach a transfer point, and the car's occupants change. A newcomer, a young man in his late teens, is one to get a seat. He came elbowing in, cigarette in mouth, to grumble at the conductor when that official asked him to stop smoking. However, now he is silent, gazing with dull curiosity at several ladies standing near him. He shakes the spray from his slouch cap, wetting without apology the newspaper of a neighbour. He is an unhealthy looking youth, his face pasty white against the dark of his coat. His hair needs cutting, while it seems as though this evening's rain has been the only water to touch his hands or face for some time. Nevertheless, a violently-striped shirt, surmounted by a soft-collar of similar colour, and a bow-tie which he continually caresses, appear to afford him considerable satisfaction, as he preens himself in the dark window. It is startling to find that he is not chewing gum. But the impression comes that he enjoys watching dogs pursue terrified kittens, and that, when absent from his favourite pool-room, he attends professional boxing matches and howls lustily for knock-outs. Much gold however, would likely be powerless to attract him into the ring himself. Altogether he does not appear to be one of the best types. A young girl against whose foot his insolently outstretched boots just crashed, evidently thinks the same, for she delivers with an absent-minded expression a hearty kick as she makes her way to the door. As we get off at the next corner, her victim is still glaring reproachfully at a muddy splash on his leg.

It is Not a Word

IT is not a word spoken—
Few words are said,
Nor even a look of the eyes,
Nor a bend of the head;
But only a hush of the heart
That has too much to keep;

Only memories waking
That sleep so light a sleep.

Sara Teasdale

Some Educational Matters

(Continued from Page One).

initially iconoclastic viewpoint, and owes its existence entirely to the over conservatism of the first. If President X insists that his staff shall teach that the world was created in 4004 B.C. or thereabouts, that capitalism is and must always be the basis of political theory and that a knowledge of English will be attained when thirty-two and a half lecture units have been followed, Professor Y is quite certain to declare that no one knows anything about the chronology of creation, that democracy is probably a complete failure, although he is not, of course, sure, and that an ounce of "kicky" English is worth a pound of Hazlitt's Essays.

It is quite easy to see that the members of what may be called the conservative school in educational theory tend to be the same as the group which would maintain the Faculty in its present position in the educational system, but it would be quite wrong to say that the opposing groups in both discussions are identical.

While the minds of the educationalists have been divided by these two questions the third controversy, involving the technical method of education, has arisen, and it is this controversy which has interested the student. "If we are asked," the Dartmouth Undergraduate Committee say, "what above all accounts for the fact that studies are in disrepute and that

**A Spanish Ancestor
Of the English Novel**

(Continued from page Two)

his ruin, and afterwards became the servant of a squire. But here again his fortune was little better, and he was forsaken by this master. Next he sojourned for a short time with a friar, but as he was not content, he soon left him for a pardoner, who was "the disceitfullest merchant and the most shamelesse". The character of this friar is of an interesting nature, as he was an example of subtlety and fraud. The stories of the methods and means which he employed are intensely amusing. After leaving this man, Lazarillo tried other trades, and at last found happiness and prosperity in becoming a common cryer. He describes coming a common cryer. He describes was so favoured everie where, that if I had chaunced to have slayne a man, or to commit some haynous offence, all the worlde woulde streightayes have beeene on my side, being assured that those gentlemen being the king's garde would sufficiently both succour and helpe mee."

Thus in this book we have a series of well-told and varied incidents, flavoured with humour, and satire, and throughout are found excellent character sketches. As we are told in the introduction of "The Pleasants Historie of Lazarillo De Tormes": "It presents a sympathetic portrait of a Spanish gentleman of the period, hopelessly impoverished by the flood of precious metals that had been pouring into his country for more than a generation, and debarred by proud military tradition from the use of any instrument in the betterment of his fortunes, but the sword. He is not really a laughable figure: he is tragic." The life of the Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had been a mystery to the English people, due to the terrible travelling conditions in Spain, and the danger of the Inquisition, but "Lazarillo" gives us a picture, vivid and colourful, which chases away the gloom and mystery which had formerly prevailed, shedding light on the life and conditions of the Spanish people of this period.

the American undergraduate turns his superabundant energies everywhere but to them, we would point to the way in which studies are administered." The student becomes "a stenographer busily occupied in taking notes, so busy that he cannot think for an instant about what the lecturer is saying."

There is a very active group of students, whose ideas are generally considered more or less radical, and who agree in part with the Dartmouth undergraduate's and in part with that school of thought which I have referred to as "liberal." Their activities centre about "The New Student". I quote below from a letter which is perhaps the only place in which their policy is set forth:

"We have a common aversion to formalism, the artificial restriction of thought, and mechanical methods wherever they occur and seem to interfere with the full development of students. We like administrators who have courage and who place considerable dependence on their students; whose aim seems to be to help these students develop rather than to impose scholarship or character or standards on them."

The habit of depending on lectures has a far reaching result on the formation of the student mind. "Graduates of American colleges," says Dr. McElroy, former President of Amherst, "very obviously do not read books. That is very obvious in general, although not of course universal. It comes in part from the lecture procedure which tends to teach young people that if they want to know anything about the world they should ask someone, instead of working it out for themselves." Meantime efficiency methods, card index systems, encyclopedia buying, questionnaires, pep, punch and publicity have worked in from business organizations to the life of the university. We find Professors of Personality, Professors of Nutrition, tutors in cheer leading and lectures on leadership. Some Universities will teach you anything from Greek to Tonsorial Engineering, while poor Education falls, and is killed by the machinery erected in her name.

It must not be thought that the students are either alone or original in thinking that some improvement upon present methods could be made. In a report published last November regarding the adoption of what is more or less accurately described as the tutorial system, the American Association of University Professors introduces its conclusions by the following sentences:

"The tutorial method of instruction is designed to achieve an educational result that may be summarized briefly as follows: the substitution of the mastery of a subject for the accumulation of credits in separate courses; intellectual initiative and independence on the part of the student; such close and informal contact between teacher and student as will, on the one hand, bring into play the personal influence of the teacher and, on the other hand, both discover and meet the individual needs of the student....In the first place the tutorial method means intellectual emancipation and increased intellectual liberty for the individual student....In the second place, the tutorial method implies more teaching. It means that American colleges and universities attach themselves more firmly than ever to the idea that all things humanly possible should be done to save the student's intellectual soul. Instead of leaving it to the student, as in Continental universities, to work out his own salvation the necessary facilities being provided where he can find them if he exerts himself, we in America propose both to lead the student to water and to make him drink."

It is quite obvious of course that the attitude of mind of the writer of this report is entirely different from that of the teacher who says "here are the facts regarding democracy and here are the facts regarding communism, I do not know which is best" Yet both are aiming to the best of their ability at intellectual freedom. The group which asks for a wider measure of authority regarding education to be granted to the Faculty is recommending important changes in methods of teaching, more or less the same changes as are being asked for by the Dartmouth students. These same men apparently, however, regard the maintenance of standards as a matter of great importance, whereas the Dartmouth students with the conclusions of whose report regarding education a large number of thoughtful men, both teachers and students, agree, are entirely in sympathy with the ultra-liberal teachers, who oppose the imposition of standards and the authority of tradition.

We cannot help feeling that we in Canada have worked out the solution of some of these questions. We feel that it is the duty of the University not to impose standards but to inspire regard for them. Perhaps the acceptance of some such principle as this would make it easier for American educationalists to meet some of their difficulties. Perhaps on the other hand our methods are completely inapplicable, but meantime it will do us no harm to see if we can learn something of what is going on across the line.

Grass-Tops

WHAT bird are you in the grass-tops?

Your voice is enough of an answer,
With your wing tips like up-curving
fingers
Of the slow-moving hands of a
dancer.—

And what is so nameless as beauty,
Which poets, who give it a name,
Are only unnamed forever?—

Content, though it go, that it came.

Witter Bynner

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Literary Supplement

Vol. I, No. 16

Price Five Cents

February 18, 1925

Concerning Affairs

A. B. Latham

THE time is now ripe for a serious appeal to the educated public on behalf of the business world. The one great need for business is a means of educating young people whose vocation is to be commerce. The demands of the world of affairs have been hearkened to in all respects except in that of education; governmental legislation for the advancement of commercial interests has balked at nothing except the establishment of suitable institutions and devices for the preparation of people about to engage in the industry of commerce. The purpose of this article is a meagre presentation of the need of commerce in this respect, as it is generally represented by enlightened merchants aware of their own interests and those of their class.

For ages of unspeakable obscurantism the general impression among those whose charge was the education of the young had been that the material most desirable to be impressed upon the tabulae rasaæ of the virgin minds in their keeping should be of a broad, universal character. Such is even the almost unanimous opinion to-day. Hopeful signs of our escape from this theory are the methods of educating doctors, lawyers, engineers, and professors. We now know that the substitute for the old hypothesis which has at last lost its tenability among the informed is a living, militant belief in the efficacy of specialization.

Engineers are expected to know about bridge-building, electric-wiring, installation of machinery, mining, and mixing chemicals according as their particular form of specialization is civil engineering, electrical engineering, or chemical engineering respectively. Nobody is so foolish as to expect an engineer to quote Ovid or to talk intelligently about transcendental philosophy. Doctors and surgeons are no longer expected to know their classics and to be on speaking terms with the literature of their native tongue; they are only required to be good bone-setters or successful anaesthetizers. University professors are nowadays, wherever the lamp of civilization burns brightly, under no necessity of knowing anything outside of the early Sanscrit drama, mediaeval Nilotic culture, or some other clear-cut division of academic learning depending on the way in which each professor has developed his or her specialized functions. And so everywhere we find that pretences at knowledge, ability, or connoisseurship outside of one's field is not only discouraged but often quite prohibited—with the one glaring exception; business men are still obliged to affect an all-round patronage of art, literature, and national culture. This sort of thing is still expected of them, and so their attention which would normally be turned to the care of commercial matters—the technical minutiae of the exchange of commodities and wealth—is diverted to a cultivation of affairs entirely foreign to the true bent of their natures.

How may the frightful condition of the breadth of interest among business

(Continued on page Three)

In the Street Car

J. G. B.

STREET cars offer wonderful opportunities for the study of human nature. There one can catch glimpses of a person's character which would pass unnoticed elsewhere. Most passengers are so absorbed in themselves or their papers that they unconsciously betray indications of their interests or struggles in life.

See that quiet unobtrusive man in the corner-seat. There is little to distinguish him from a dozen others who surround him. A neat gray hat, an overcoat of the same colour, a well-brushed but shabby blue suit and clean shoes add little information to the tale of simplicity evident in his clear-cut face. The eyes are difficult to see, but his profile is pleasing, without showing great strength. Rather a commonplace man, seemingly a clerk of some kind, as the forefinger of his right hand has a well-linked tip.

Some Educational Matters

Col. Wilfrid Bovey

IT is often interesting and generally instructive to acquaint ourselves with the problems of others and with the manner in which they are being approached, for while these problems are not necessarily identical with our own and while the same reasoning may not be applicable to them, we cannot help getting a certain amount of assistance in dealing with the questions confronting ourselves.

In the United States there are now going on three very distinct educational controversies, the first concerning the place of the Faculty in University control, the second involving the question as to whether we should aim at imposing standards, whether religious, political or of any other kind on the undergraduate, the third centering round the actual technical methods of education.

of Learning, consisting of the Governors only, is one of these Corporations; it owns our buildings and endowments and is responsible for our financial well-being; McGill University, a purely educational body consisting not only of the Principal and Governors but also of a large number of the staff and some other appointees, the whole when meeting being known as Corporation, regulates educational policies, the relation of the University to the undergraduate and all similar questions. When therefore, the committee appointed by the American Association of University Professors recommends that the Head of a University should be its educational leader, and that the Faculty should be the legislative body in all matters concerning the educational policy of a University, they are really proposing to adopt, as a reform, a system which is already in existence here. When they propose consultation regarding appointments, they suggest a process which we should think almost a matter of course.

In the United States, however, the position of the Faculty is causing a great deal of discussion, and the issue is confused by the fact that both of the groups involved are also in the other controversies going on at the same time. Professor Snell of Macdonald College has described one issue in the following words:—

"At the one extreme we have the purely internal organization of Oxford and Cambridge, with Executive Councils chosen by members of the university, and Financial Boards subordinate to these; at the other extreme we have the type, too common in America, of a body of trustees appointed either by co-option or by some external authority, and entrusted with plenary powers in the control of property, appointments and promotions, and even of educational policy. In the latter class of institution, the control of educational policy is usually delegated to the Faculties. This is done in some cases by constitutional or statutory provision, more commonly merely by grace, and because the trustees realize that they are not as competent as the Faculties to deal with such matters. Moreover, there is no clear, inclusive definition of the term "educational policy" and, except where the Faculty is legally protected in this right, arbitrary interference by the trustees may often occur."

Mr. J. McKeen Cattell from a series of opinions obtained from the leaders of academic thought in the United States found that only fifteen per cent. were satisfied with the present system, twenty-three per cent. looked for a rather greater share of control to be exercised by the Faculty, while sixty-two per cent. were in favour of the Faculty being still more important in University government.

The nature of the second controversy in the United States, namely that regarding standards, was described in a very lucid manner by one of the members of the Dartmouth staff who visited McGill last year. There appeared to be, he said, two completely different schools of educational thought, of which the first would perhaps appear to us reactionary, since, according to its tenets, learning must be meted out by measured doses of specified mental food, and standardised principles of living. The second school represents a def-

The Wanderer

HE has said farewell to easeful quiet now,
Peace and content and sleep are his no more,
Like exile longing for his native shore
Glimpsed far away beyond his vessel's prow
So does he yearn for one pale gleaming brow
And haven of deep breasts; but, oh, before
That port is made, how desolate and frore
And many are the waves his barque must plough!

Great year long rollers of uneasy time
Must surge and thunder on a distant strand
For long and long before his heart's desire
Shall wave him safe ashore and watch him land
Among sweet fields of grasses and wild thyme,
And run to him with limbs and lips of fire.

—A. J. M. S.

Just as we are about to turn to someone more interesting, he puts away his newspaper, and carefully unwraps a long, round parcel, uncovering what appears to be a trade journal. As he gazes at the cover, with a little smile lighting up his face, he reminds us of a small boy feasting his eyes on a juicy apple before beginning to eat. There: the little man has turned to the first page. He cannot be reading a catalogue, he seems so absorbed. Watching him, we notice an air of quiet pleasure, although his position and features appear unchanged. He holds his book in his left hand, his right attracting attention, for each finger moves as though striking the notes on a piano, while the whole hand moves up and down the imaginary key board. Perhaps we can press closer. With his foot the little gray man is beating time, his lips pursed in a soundless whistle. Here is the first man we have seen who, heedless of his neighbours, can honestly enjoy

(Continued on Page Four).

The President of Dartmouth College, an institution which we are coming to know very well, recently appointed two committees, one from the staff and one from the undergraduates "to study and inquire into educational policies and tendencies of colleges in general and Dartmouth in particular, with a view to reporting whether or not, changes in the present system were desirable, and if so what these should be." It was not very surprising that these two committees viewed the problem from quite different angles.

The American Association of University Professors has for some years been studying the relation of the Faculty to University control, both as regards educational policy and the appointment and dismissal of teachers.

This question is for us at McGill principally one of academic interest. In this University we have two Corporations existing side by side: the Royal Institution for the Advancement

(Continued on Page Four).

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Salute to Elia

TO DAY is the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Charles Lamb, and as such will be regarded as something in the nature of a holy day or a minor saint's day by many who have loved the man as much as his works.

There is no author who so clearly shows himself in his writings as does Charles Lamb, and none more worthy of our knowing. The "Essays of Elia" almost as much as the personal letters reveal a whimsical and beloved personality; and here, if anywhere, our best loved author can become our best loved man.

Charles Lamb boasted that he never got drunk twice in the same house; and it is said of him that he came late to work, but left correspondingly early. He devoted a lifetime to the care of his sister Mary after a tragedy of insanity and murder, Elizabethan in its horror, and he wrote down his whims and fancies and little hates and loves as an eternal gift to posterity.

Shade of Elia, on this thy day we salute thee here!

Let us Pray

THE suggestion of a recent correspondent that we should pray for the success of our teams, though sounding absurd in godless modern ears, is one that would have appealed to a more faithful age. "Tis not a ridiculous devotion to say a prayer before a game at Tables", says Sir Thomas Browne in the First Part of the *Religio Medici*, and what may appear a mystery to us, *viz.* How the Deity may be expected to trouble Himself about a hockey game between two insignificant educational institutions on a minor planet in a fourth rate solar system is one which would have had no terrors for the devout physician of Norwich, who tells us in a well-known passage, that "As for those wingy Mysteries in Divinity, and airy subtleties in Religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *Pia Mater* of mine. Methinks there be no impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith. . . I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my Réason to an *Altitude!*"

And an explanation of our seeming ill-fortune in athletics which should appeal to our correspondent is to be found in the quaint pages of the same work where the religious medico, "mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant about notional and conjectural essences, in whose categories of Being the possible took the upper hand of the actual", has indited the following words to encourage those whose star is for a time in decline.

"All cannot be happy at once; for, because the glory of one State depends upon the ruine of another, there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatness, and must obey the swing of that wheel, not moved by Intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all estates arise to their Zenith and Vertical points according to their predestinated periods. For the lives, not only of men, but of Commonwealths, and the whole World, run not upon an *Helix* that still enlargeth, but on a circle, where, arriving to their Meridian, they decline in obscurity, and fall under the Horizon again."

It will be hardly necessary to point out that what is here applied to States, Men, Commonwealths and the whole World must be equally true of universities and their athletic rivalries, nor do more than indicate the comforting corollary that the darker and more deep our present declension, the sooner will come the hour of our ascension up the other arc to the Meridian of success.

A Spanish Ancestor Of the English Novel

Gwendolin E. Read

The Pleasant Historie of Lazarillo de Thormes Drawen out of Spanish by David Rowland of Anglesey, Oxford, Basil Blackwell, The Percy Reprints, edited by H. B. Brett, Smith.

ROBINSON CRUSOE" which has been the delight of children and grown-ups through the centuries and is the first permanently valued contribution in English fiction, dealing with material outside of religious experiences, owes its origin to the picaresque novel of Spain, which was born in "La Vida de Lazarillo de Thormes." A picaresque novel is the comic biography, or more often the autobiography of a real or fictitious personage, who describes his experiences, as a social parasite, and who satirizes the society which he has exploited. This type of story persisted in the Middle Ages in Lucian, Roman de Renart, in the fabliaux. It was later incarnated in real life, by such writers as Villon, but its final form is really a Spanish invention, and the earliest known specimen is the anonymous tale of "Lazarillo" which, although the circumstances about its publication are obscure must certainly have been issued not later than 1554. This book won immediate popularity and was thrice reprinted before 1559. Imitations of such a successful innovation were inevitable and in 1555 there appeared at Antwerp "La Segunda Parte de Lazarillo de Thormes" but this was not so cordially received as its predecessor. Other stories admitting a semblance of Lazarillo are "Primera parte de Guzman de Alfarache" "La Picara Justina" while in 1626 appeared "Vida del buscon Don Pablos" the cleverest and most revolting book of this class.

Not only in Spain, however, was developed this popular type of story. "Lazarillo de Thormes" was soon translated into many languages and gained much popularity in Europe and England. In France, an example is Le Sage's "Gil Blas" while in England the credit of being the first to write a picaresque novel belongs to Th. Nash who in 1594 published "The Life of Jack Wilton" or "The Unfortunate Traveller". However it is not until the time of Defoe that the English picaresque novel acquires any real importance. The most outstanding book of this genre is "Robinson Crusoe" although others by this same author are worthy of mention, such as "The Adventures of Captain Singleton", "Colonel Jack", and "Moll Flanders" which was perhaps suggested by "Picara Justina". Henceforth from the time of Defoe the picaresque novel is naturalized in English Literature, and is exemplified in the works of many other writers, such as Fielding's "Jonathan Wild" and "Count Fathom" and "Ferdinand" by Smollett.

A new edition of this amazing little book, "The Pleasant Historie of Lazarillo de Tormes" which has had such an important effect on the literature of Europe and England, has recently appeared edited with introduction and notes, but the text is reprinted from a manuscript of the British Museum copy of the earliest surviving edition, the octavo printed by Abell Jeffes in 1586. Possibly there were earlier editions in England as the Stationers Register for 1568-9 records the licence "for pryntings of a boke entituled the marvelus Dedes and the lyf of Lozaro de Thormes to Thomas Colwell for VIIId." However, this, if printed, has vanished with the passing years, and although during the following centuries the book has been reprinted many times, modern readers find the earliest translation by Rowland the most satisfactory. In the new edition the spelling and punctuation of the original text are reproduced although a few necessary corrections have been made. Due to injury of the title of the copy in the British museum, the title page and verse are reproduced in facsimile from the copy in the Bodleian, and thus we are given an improved edition of this interesting book, still possessing all the allurements of the original text.

And now let us turn to the content, and the actual story, to discover what it is which renders this tale of an ill-treated Spanish lad a master-piece in literature. This "Historie" is the autobiography of Lazarillo, who as his father was dead, and his mother in poor circumstances had to forge for himself in the world, and leaving his native home, he became the servant of a blind man, who is described by Lazarillo in the following terms "and to show his nature, I assure you that with the beginning of the worlde God never made man more deceitful and craftie". In the companionship of such a man naturally the youth had to submit to many unpleasant experiences, but his ingenuity was brought into full play and he proved himself an equal match for his crafty master. Throughout the story there are many passages of humour and satire, splendidly written, and one excellent episode is well recorded in the means Lazarillo followed in ridding himself from the tyrant, whom he determined to forsake, due to the cruel usage he had undergone from the hands of this blind rogue. The incident occurred when they were walking home to their lodging, on a rainy day, and in the pretence of jumping across a gutter Lazarillo obtained his revenge as he describes in the following "I leaped as far as I could and tooke standing behinde the poste, as one that had watched the rencounter of a Bull, and then I said, now uncle leape boldly as far as you can possibly, for else you may chaunce wet your selfe. I had not so soone said the word, but that incontinently the poore blinde man was ready to take his race, returning a pace or two backe from the standing, and so with great force tooke his leape, throwing for warde his body like a bucke, that at the last his head tooke such a monstrous blow against the cruell stonie piller, that his head sounded withall as it had bene a leather bottell, whereupon he fell back with his cloven pate, halfe dead; then gave I a leape and saide, how now uncle, could you smell the sausadge so well, and why not the piller I play you? prove nowe a little what you can doe. So I lefte him there between the handes of many men that came in all hast to helpe him, and tooke my ready waye straight towards the towne gate with no slow pace, and then trotted so fast forward, that before night I arrived to Tortols." It is interesting to note that Shakespeare must have read this, for in "Much Ado about Nothing" (act II sc. I) he makes an allusion to this incident "Now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you will beat the post." Throughout the book we find many other vividly described narratives, for the troubles of Lazarillo were not at an end, and after deserting his blind master, he placed himself with a priest in whose service all his cleverness and contrivance were centred on one main object: that of obtaining food. In striving towards this aim, he met

(Continued on Page Four).

Clever Satire on Minor Babbittry Seen in The Potters

I WONDER how long the average everyday hundred percent American citizen will be able to howl with mirth at plays like *The Potters* before waking up to the fact that he is being held up to the most merciless ridicule and the bitterest satire. The crudeness, the vulgarity, the pitiful struggle to keep up appearances, the complete submission to bunk and bunkdom, the hollowness of Americanism and the gospel of Success—these are the aspects of American middle class life which are treated in J. P. McEvoy's comedy of family life. The play is a masterly one. The dialogue is witty in its real life fatuousness; the characters are well drawn in clear cut outline, and sometimes, as in the case of Pa Potter,

Concerning Affairs (Continued from Page One.)

men and the consequent neglect of business be rectified? As with almost all problems, the answer is education. Catch the fledglings, train them in one definite direction until they are eight years old, and then let them loose to perform their prescribed duties in life, and no amount of corrupting seeds will cause them to deviate from the path of commercial rectitude.

Now in present-day life it is not unusual to find merchants and traders, who are woefully incompetent in their respective trades, but who nevertheless find the time to engage in athletics, politics, and literature. Athletics is a human pursuit which should be entirely in the control of professional bodies, no person should be allowed to participate in this occupation unless he is willing to give his whole working day to it, and by all means proponents of that most neglected thing, business, must be kept out of athletics. Again, commercial people should be kept out of politics. Here we are presuming that politicians are a capable people quite competent to regulate the well-being of their country and themselves. Of what possible significance could the participation of business men, in the form of voting at elections, have on political events. Even as it is, the "kaufleute" are no more than mere dilettanti in politics. In fact their taking part in politics and their show of interest in governmental matters may be of actual harm, for how may such people have a proper appreciation of even their own interests?

Reverting now to the problems of a well-balanced business education for what our newspapers so aptly term "embryo commercials," let me say at once that such an education ought to be anything but "well-balanced" in the should, in my opinion, be no literature, no music, no art, and no languages (with the exception of perhaps a certain amount of business correspondence in English, French, and Spanish).

The teaching of economics, in which all commercial students might well be introduced at a very tender age, should be confined to accountancy, banking, and trade statistics. Arithmetic could not well exceed computations requisite for accountancy, ledger-keeping, and actuarial science. What I have to say with regard to other subjects may be readily surmised, since the principle I have religiously adhered to is the advocacy of a pure business education for the new utopian society of pure business men, among whom, as was intimated above, there will be a sprinkling of pure specialists in palaeontology, embryology, the history of Florentine art, etc.

—BORGIA

carefully shaded with a wealth of little detail; the Shakespearean method of many short scenes throwing the unities to the winds has been utilized to a good purpose; and finally the construction of the play is as perfect as if it had come out of the workshops at Harvard, while the whole thing has a vigor and life that is not of the workshop.

The author holds up a mirror, and about two thirds of his audience see themselves as the suburban family of the Potters. The Potters live in Suburbia, and breakfast, at which pleasant repast we first meet them, is one long scramble to make the eight o'clock car. We see the Potters squabbling and bickering through a messy meal of bacon and eggs, we see Ma Potter doing her daily dozen to the direction of the Victrola, and hear a bedtime story over the radio, we accompany the credulous Mamie to the den of a frowsy Medium—we ride down to work with Mr. Potter in the street car where he discusses politics—"I guess this place is too full now"—as he lurches against an indignant fellow strap-hanger—"what old Uncle Sam oughta do is restrict immigration, we got too many dagos and foreigners here now, though of course, you know, I realize we must have some for labour"). Mr. Potter is inveigled into buying some oil shares, any suspicion he may have at first harboured being allayed when he is shown a Government map of the oil field. The oil fields are backed by the U. S. Government, therefore, and hence the investment must be perfectly safe.

It is not necessary to indicate the plot. We are shown a sleeping car by night, where Mr. Potter, on his way to look over his investment amuses himself by peaking through the curtain at the sleeping occupant of the berth below him; we visit the oil well where the men who have been digging oil all their lives and had known a man once who once heard of a fellow who struck it are praying for a glimpse of one of the suckers who put up the money. Pa Potter goes home—a failure. He faces that bitter word, the bitterness of which is unknown to anyone who has not all his life worshipped the go-getter, the hustler, the hundred percenter.

Mr. Potter here is superb, and there was no one in the house on Monday night, I think, who did not feel the drama and the tragic intensity of the scene where Mr. Potter's lifetime house of dreams came crashing about his head. He sees through all the bunk and cant on which he has been nourished ever since he was given an advertised baby food. "Be good and work hard—and you'll be happy," he cries. "Lies, lies, bunk!"

Of course it all turns out right in the end. Mr. Potter's well strikes oil, but the suspense is maintained to the very

"Let it be Forgotten

LET it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,
Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold.
Let it be forgotten for ever and ever—
Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten
Long and long ago—
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall
In a long forgotten snow.

—Sara Teasdale.

French Actors in A Venture in Opinion At the Orpheum

The Canadian Student, published monthly by the Student Christian Movement of Canada.

A Review

THE French Players at the Orpheum continue to delight small but enthusiastic audiences. This week's offering, "La Huitième Femme de Barbe-Bleue," is a delightful farce, which shows to advantage the histrionic ability of M. Charlie Gerval. As Brown, the American millionaire (whose grandfather used to own a bar in Chicago) he is most convincing.

Brown, who has already married and subsequently divorced seven wives, resolves to venture into matrimony for the eighth time with Monna, daughter of an impecunious old nobleman, as his bride. The marriage is not a success and the young wife decides upon a divorce. The worthy Chicagoan, although he, too, is dissatisfied, cannot understand that any woman should leave him voluntarily. He resolves to frustrate any attempts she may make to sever their union.

As a last resort Monna compromises herself with Hubert, a young man in her husband's employment. The outraged husband discovers them; divorce seems inevitable. But the audience must go home in a happy mood, so by a skilful manoeuvring of motives the pair are left in each other's arms.

Mme. Dherblay has played consistently well throughout her engagement in Montreal, and this week she gives M. Gerval excellent support. M. Gaston de St. Jean as Hubert is also good. M. Gerval gives a very realistic representation of the American in Paris, and even the accent in not neglected. One would hardly recognize the laughing young lover of last week as this square-jawed Americain.

"La Huitième Femme de Barbe-Bleue" has less of the usual sex theme, and yet it frankly portrays exactly what we are expected to see. We moral Britons, of course, prefer those suggestive devices by which the majority invariably imagines more than they are intended to.

—D. C. A.

moment of the fall of the curtain as he very nearly sells them before he hears the news.

The staging and acting is superb, and the performance of Donald Meek as Pa Potter is one of the finest bits of character acting that we have seen for a long time. He is the American "paterfamilias" to the life-hardly a flattering picture, but a real one. The rest of the cast is excellent.

McEvoy will probably be criticised for having done so much, and yet having done no more. Why add a happy end and make a comedy out of what might have been one of the most poignant tragedies of Babbittry? The happy end, however, and the lightest comedy are merely the sugar coating of the pill.

"The Potters" is far and away the best comedy that has come here this year, and makes those excellent examples of the same species—"The First Year" and "The Goose Hangs High"—seem like child's play. How the Babbitts, the go-getters, the Kiwanians, the Rotarians, the Elks, and the plain darn fools can survive the flood of satire turned upon them in books like "Babbit" and "Bunk" and plays like "The Potters" is a mystery to me. But I suppose they read nothing but the "American Magazine" and "Success."

A.J.M.S.

ONE of the most interesting and stimulating university reviews which finds its way to our exchanges is *The Canadian Student*, the monthly organ of the Student Christian Movement of Canada, published by an editorial board in Toronto and numbering among its contributors students from nearly all the universities of Canada.

From a perusal of its pages one gets the impression that the typical Canadian student is a serious and religious person, deeply troubled to find a workable application of religion to modern life, deplored the disuse of the observation of prayer, "thinking straight about Jesus" and wondering "why study groups fail."

Needless to say this is an altogether erroneous view of the Canadian undergraduate. He is not by any means such a serious thinker, he is not, indeed, very much interested in religion, and though he generally belongs to a church he regards the intrusion of religion into practical affairs either as bad form or the worst futility. He thinks more about athletics than the state of the world, and cares more for his body than his soul.

Nevertheless there is a large minority who care for beauty and who love justice and truth, who are interested in the League of Nations, in the prevention of war and the establishment of a finer and nobler social order—but who are temperamentally incapable of being moved by religious emotion, to whom prayer is an impossibility and the sound of a hymn anathema. Though this group is a minority among Canadian students we believe it to be a much more numerous group than that of which *The Canadian student* is the organ.

There is much, however, in *The Canadian student* that will appeal to these, and, in the January number which we have before us, have read with interest the book reviews and a poignant account of our own J. G. Mackay whose death on August 7th 1923 robbed McGill of one of her noblest helpers. But we cannot help thinking that if *The Canadian Student* is to become the great force for good that its supporters desire it should strive for its inspiration in the beauty of art, literature and music rather than in the church and study group, and find the leverage for the new world in science and economics.

—A. J. M. S.

After Death

NOW while my lips are living Their words must stay un-said,
And will my soul remember To speak when I am dead?

Yet if my soul remembered You would not heed it, dear,
For now you must not listen,
And then you could not hear.

—Sara Teasdale.

In the Street Car

(Continued from Page One).

the melodies of classical music, heard only in his head, during a ride in a crowded street car.

The night is rainy and soon an old lady, carrying a dripping umbrella, enters the car. Wearily she looks up, wondering whether she will be offered a seat. It happens that the car is largely occupied by women, and only one man is not on his feet. The old lady comes to where he sits, then, turning her back, looks at the glistening streets outside. Too proud by far to ask for his seat, she still wants to be handy if he should chance to offer it. By her neat black coat and drab little hat, it is obvious that she is not of the richest, but her cheery old face convinces us that life still holds many attractions for her. She is tired, and burdened with armfuls of parcels. She hangs on to the swaying strap, however, and lets her bright old eyes wander in search of interest.

The man, the engrossed musician, glances up as he turns a page, and sees the straight little back in front of him. Quickly he looks at his neighbours, then at his music, which he reluctantly rolls and puts into a pocket. He jumps up, touches the stiff shoulder nearest him, and waves the grateful old woman to his seat. Just as she takes it, a large bag slips from her arms, and several carrots and sweet potatoes roll among the feet of the passengers. She laughs merrily and naturally, while the musician, flushed and embarrassed, retrieves the vegetables, bows, and hurries to the rear of the car. The little old lady tucks her bundles more snugly around her, and continues to smile.

Soon we reach a transfer point, and the car's occupants change. A newcomer, a young man in his late teens, is one to get a seat. He came elbowing in, cigarette in mouth, to grumble at the conductor when that official asked him to stop smoking. However, now he is silent, gazing with dull curiosity at several ladies standing near him. He shakes the spray from his slouch cap, wetting without apology the newspaper of a neighbour. He is an unhealthy looking youth, his face pasty white against the dark of his coat. His hair needs cutting, while it seems as though this evening's rain has been the only water to touch his hands or face for some time. Nevertheless, a violently-striped shirt, surmounted by a soft-collar of similar colour, and a bow-tie which he continually caresses, appear to afford him considerable satisfaction, as he preens himself in the dark window. It is startling to find that he is not chewing gum. But the impression comes that he enjoys watching dogs pursue terrified kittens, and that, when absent from his favourite pool-room, he attends professional boxing matches and howls lustily for knock-outs. Much gold however, would likely be powerless to attract him into the ring himself. Altogether he does not appear to be one of the best types. A young girl against whose foot his insolently outstretched boots just crashed, evidently thinks the same, for she delivers with an absent-minded expression a hearty kick as she makes her way to the door. As we get off at the next corner, her victim is still glaring reproachfully at a muddy splash on his leg.

It is Not a Word

It is not a word spoken—
Few words are said,
Nor even a look of the eyes,
Nor a bend of the head;
But only a hush of the heart
That has too much to keep,
Only memories waking
That sleep so light a sleep.

—Sara Teasdale

Some Educational Matters

(Continued from Page One).

initely iconoclastic viewpoint, and owes its existence entirely to the over conservatism of the first. If President X insists that his staff shall teach that the world was created in 4004 B.C. or thereabouts, that capitalism is and must always be the basis of political theory and that a knowledge of English will be attained when thirty-two and a half lecture units have been followed, Professor Y is quite certain to declare that no one knows anything about the chronology of creation, that democracy is probably a complete failure, although he is not, of course, sure, and that an ounce of "kicky" English is worth a pound of Hazlitt's Essays.

It is quite easy to see that the members of what may be called the conservative school in educational theory tend to be the same as the group which would maintain the Faculty in its present position in the educational system, but it would be quite wrong to say that the opposing groups in both discussions are identical.

While the minds of the educationalists have been divided by these two questions the third controversy, involving the technical method of education, has arisen, and it is this controversy which has interested the student. "If we are asked," the Dartmouth Undergraduate Committee say, "what above all accounts for the fact that studies are in disrepute and that

**A Spanish Ancestor
Of the English Novel**

(Continued from page Two)

his ruin, and afterwards became the servant of a squire. But here again his fortune was little better, and he was forsaken by this master. Next he sojourned for a short time with a friar, but as he was not content, he soon left him for a pardoner, who was "the disceitfullest merchant and the most shamelesse". The character of this friar is of an interesting nature, as he was an example of subtlety and fraud. The stories of the methods and means which he employed are intensely amusing. After leaving this man, Lazarillo tried other trades, and at last found happiness and prosperity in becoming a common cryer. He describes coming a common cryer. He describes was so favoured everie where, that if I had chaunced to have slayne a man, or to commit some haynous offence, all the worlde woulde streightayes have beene on my side, being assured that those gentlemen being the king's garde would sufficiently both succour and helpe mee."

Thus in this book we have a series of well-told and varied incidents, flavoured with humour, and satire, and throughout are found excellent character sketches. As we are told in the introduction of "The Pleasaunt Hist'rie of Lazarillo De Tormes": "It presents a sympathetic portrait of a Spanish gentleman of the period, hopelessly impoverished by the flood of precious metals that had been pouring into his country for more than a generation, and debarred by proud military tradition from the use of any instrument in the betterment of his fortunes, but the sword. He is not really a laughable figure: he is tragic." The life of the Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had been a mystery to the English people, due to the terrible travelling conditions in Spain, and the danger of the Inquisition, but "Lazarillo" gives us a picture, vivid and colourful, which chases away the gloom and mystery which had formerly prevailed, shedding light on the life and conditions of the Spanish people of this period.

the American undergraduate turns his superabundant energies everywhere but to them, we would point to the way in which studies are administered." The student becomes "a stenographer busily occupied in taking notes, so busy that he cannot think for an instant about what the lecturer is saying."

There is a very active group of students, whose ideas are generally considered more or less radical, and who agree in part with the Dartmouth undergraduate's and in part with that school of thought which I have referred to as "liberal." Their activities centre about "The New Student". I quote below from a letter which is perhaps the only place in which their policy is set forth:

"We have a common aversion to formalism, the artificial restriction of thought, and mechanical methods wherever they occur and seem to interfere with the full development of students. We like administrators who have courage and who place considerable dependence on their students; whose aim seems to be to help these students develop rather than to impose scholarship or character or standards on them.

The habit of depending on lectures has a far reaching result on the formation of the student mind. "Graduates of American colleges," says Dr. McElroy, former President of Amherst, "very obviously do not read books. That is very obvious in general, although not of course universal. It comes in part from the lecture procedure which tends to teach young people that if they want to know anything about the world they should ask someone, instead of working it out for themselves." Meantime efficiency methods, card index systems, encyclopedia buying, questionnaires, pep, punch and publicity have worked in from business organizations to the life of the university. We find Professors of Personality, Professors of Nutrition, tutors in cheer leading and lectures on leadership. Some Universities will teach you anything from Greek to Tonsorial Engineering, while poor Education falls, and is killed by the machinery erected in her name.

It must not be thought that the students are either alone or original in thinking that some improvement upon present methods could be made. In a report published last November regarding the adoption of what is more or less accurately described as the tutorial system, the American Association of University Professors introduces its conclusions by the following sentences:—

"The tutorial method of instruction is designed to achieve an educational result that may be summarized briefly as follows: the substitution of the mastery of a subject for the accumulation of credits in separate courses; intellectual initiative and independence on the part of the student; such close and informal contact between teacher and student as will, on the one hand, bring into play the personal influence of the teacher and, on the other hand, both discover and meet the individual needs of the student....In the first place the tutorial method means intellectual emancipation and increased intellectual liberty for the individual student.....In the second place, the tutorial method implies more teaching. It means that American colleges and universities attach themselves more firmly than ever to the idea that all things humanly possible should be done to save the student's intellectual soul. Instead of leaving it to the student, as in Continental universities, to work out his own salvation the necessary facilities being provided where he can find them if he exerts himself, we in America propose both to lead the student to water and to make him drink."

It is quite obvious of course that the attitude of mind of the writer of this report is entirely different from that of the teacher who says "here are the facts regarding democracy and here are the facts regarding communism, I do not know which is best" Yet both are aiming to the best of their ability at intellectual freedom. The group which asks for a wider measure of authority regarding education to be granted to the Faculty is recommending important changes in methods of teaching, more or less the same changes as are being asked for by the Dartmouth students. These same men apparently, however, regard the maintenance of standards as a matter of great importance, whereas the Dartmouth students with the conclusions of whose report regarding education a large number of thoughtful men, both teachers and students, agree, are entirely in sympathy with the ultra-liberal teachers, who oppose the imposition of standards and the authority of tradition.

We cannot help feeling that we in Canada have worked out the solution of some of these questions. We feel that it is the duty of the University not to impose standards but to inspire regard for them. Perhaps the acceptance of some such principle as this would make it easier for American educationalists to meet some of their difficulties. Perhaps on the other hand our methods are completely inapplicable, but meantime it will do us no harm to see if we can learn something of what is going on across the line.

Grass-Tops

WHAT bird are you in the grass tops?

Your noise is enough of an answer,
With your wing tips like up-curving fingers

Of the slow-moving hands of a dancer.—

And what is so nameless as beauty,
Which poets, who give it a name,
Are only unname forever?—

Content, though it go, that it came,

Witter Bynner

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